

THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE-BOUGHT GIFT WE BRING,

RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. V.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 18, 1832.

NO. 22.

FOR THE ARIEL.

TO WOMAN.

Fair! to thee, in gentle measure,
Let the bard inspired sing;
Source of every earthly pleasure,
Mirth forever on the wing.
Oh! when man subdued by sadness,
Health forsakes his careworn cheek;
Or when roused to fiery madness,
Thou art ever kind and meek.
Let disease, in madness thrilling,
Shake in agony his form,
Beauty's eye, in pity filling,
Drops a tear and stills the storm.
Let fierce anger, wildly raging,
Burst like lightning from his eye,
Tender Woman's breast assuaging,
Stills the tempest with a sigh.
Let misfortune, care, or trouble,
Press in terror on the breast,
Prove mortality a bubble—
Prove this world a foe to rest—
Still her sainted, kind caresses
Soothe to rest the heart of wo;
Calm this troublous world's distresses,
Parry withering sorrow's blow.
Lovely Woman! to thy praises,
Hear the bard inspired sing,
May the humble strains he raises
To responding welcomes ring.
May his theme through every nation,
Gratitude to man impart;
'Tis the ardent true oblation
Of an ever grateful heart.

WHICH OF THE TWO!

The glow which Chloe's cheeks possess,
Is something more than Nature's dress;
Yet such her happy knack,
Although she paints, there's none can boast
Of knowing which she uses most—
Carmine, or Cogniac.

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break;
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
I'm dyin' for your sake.
O lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your han' on my bried bane,—
O say ye'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane!
It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
Sair grief naun ha'e its will—
But let me rest upon your breist,
To sab and greet my fill;
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed bye your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never shall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life,
A puir heart broken thing, Willie,
That ne'er can be your wife.
Ay, press your han' upon my heart,
An' press it mair and mair;
Or it will burst the silken twine,
Sae strang is its despair.
Oh! wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met,
Oh! wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!
Oh! wae's me for the loamin' green
Whare we ware used to gae;
An wae's me for the destinie,
That gart me love thee sae!
Oh! dinna min' my wurd, Willie,
I downa seek to blame;
But oh! it's hard to live, Willie,
An' die a warld's shame!
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
An' hailin' ower your chin;
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow an' for sin?
I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
A' sick wi' all I see;
I canna live as I ha'e lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine:
An' kiss ance mair the white, white cheek
Ye said was red lang syne.
A stoun' gaes thro' my heid, Willie,
A sair stoun' thro' my heart;
Oh! han' me up and let me kiss
Thy brow ere we twa part.
Anither an' anither yet!
How fast my life-strings break!
Fareweel! fareweel! thro' yon kirk-yard,
Step lichtly for my sake!
The lavrock in the lift, Willie,
That lifts far ower our heid—
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
An' this green turf, we're sittin' on,
Wi' dew draps shimmerin' sheen
Will hap her close who did the wrang,
As warld has seldom seen.
But oh! remember me, Willie,
On lan' whare'er ye be;
An' oh! think on the leal, leal, heart,
That ne'er luv'd ane but thee!
An' oh! think on the cauld, cauld mools
That file my yellow hair;
That kiss the cheek, an' kiss the chin,
Ye never shall kiss mair.

A friend of mine was asked lately to give the definition of Cuffee, a word colloquially employed to designate the sons and daughters of Ethiopia. "Our community," said the legal gentleman, "is divided into two great classes; the whites, who are Cuffers, and the blacks, who are Cuffees."

FOR THE ARIEL.

THE TOWN TATLER--NO. 22.

In this wide world the fondest and the best,
Are the most tried, most troubled, and distressed.—*Crabbe*

"On Fortune! thou glittering, delusive dream! why—why did I ever taste thy sweets, but to feel the bitterness of thy reverses more keenly! Will these memories of mine never cease to embitter existence? And these poor children—they can never know my anguish!" Such was the exclamation of the highly gifted and once courted Mrs. W——, as with a feeble hand she drew together the few and scattered coals, all that remained of her last stick of wood, and with the other arm hugged more closely the scarcely sensible form of her little Mary. Unconscious girl!—she looked up into her mother's face and smiled—it was a smile of that peculiar order that never fails to denote to the eye of the most careless observer, the absence of those reasoning faculties, without which all the delicate sources of enjoyment that endear life, are but as moonbeams on the congealed bosom of the stream—but through the thickened film that obscured her perceptions of reality, she could ever distinguish her mother's footstep, and was most keenly sensitive to her tones of pity and affection, excepting which, her mind had long been one colorless void.

Mrs. W—— in early life had trodden a pathway of sunshine and flowers. Born in affluence, she received the most finished education, and moved conspicuously in a circle of that high order—so justly the pride of Philadelphia—where genius, refinement, and elegance combine to render a fashionable career peculiarly attractive. Careless of admiration, though conscious it was meted to her most lavishly by all, she mingled but passingly with the butterflies of the day, and chose for companions those intellectual characters whose names are never breathed without the tribute of praise, and with whom generations now in infancy shall be proud to style themselves fellow townsmen. At six and twenty, still in the height of her popularity, she was married to Henry W——, one in every respect worthy the favor of this high minded being; after which she soon lost all relish for the excitements of company, and confined her powers of pleasing to her own fireside, and a circle of a few select friends who were ever ready to acknowledge the influence of her attractions. From these however she gradually withdrew, as she became every day still more endeared to the beautiful miniature of herself, the little Laura, although sometimes, she knew not why, her mind had fearful misgivings of some undefinable visitation that awaited this darling. She would gaze upon her exquisite countenance, and fancy that her full brown eye was less brilliant than it had been—that the little mouth had lost somewhat of its winning grace—but she found wherewith to silence apprehension—it might be that infantile loveliness was fading to give place to more perfect childhood, perhaps it was occasioned by the weather or a cold—in fact a thousand things might have produced it. Time rolled on, business did not flourish with Mr. W——, and his health was impaired by over exertion to repair heavy losses he had sustained. Some expenses were curtailed in the family, and better things were hoped for the future; but poverty or exile with her husband would have been no hardship to Mrs. W——. Month after month passed away, the conclusion of each bringing with it more clearly the awful certainty that

Laura was deaf and dumb! Effort after effort was made to call forth her veiled faculties, which we are happy to say were successful, and the beautiful mute seized with avidity on every avenue by which she could obtain one new idea—her heart was the home of the warmest and best affections, and her capacities for receiving instruction were of no common order. But this family were to be yet further tried and purified by affliction. An Eye that watched their secret repinings, and a Hand that deals justly by all, knew that their hearts had not been sufficiently humbled, and with the same blight, touched the opening mind of their Edward, three years younger than the first born—the idol of his father, whose increasing debility frequently confined him within doors for weeks together. No pains were spared to dissipate the growing shade of unhappy thought that overhung his expansive brow, by placing before him those means which enabled him to communicate his ideas freely to those who forgot self in their anxiety to smooth the pathway of the afflicted. A slow but fatally undermining fever had long been gradually sapping the springs of life in the veins of Mr. W——; but no entreaties of anxious friends, or sufferings of his own, could ever induce him to resign into other hands the self-imposed duty of watching his darling boy until slumber had sealed his eyes; and although the medium through which he received instruction, and imparted his own little thoughts, differed so widely from that of other children, the heart of the parent was thankful that he possessed a mind whose active powers could well appreciate those advantages, which nature, as if to compensate for what she had withheld, had bestowed so liberally, and in the exquisite language of the poet he would gratefully exclaim—

"Hallowed forever be the hour,
For us, throughout all time to come,
Which gave us thee, a living flower
To bless and beautify our home."

That home, alas! was not the splendid mansion where a few years before he had brought his blooming bride, and promised himself a long course of uninterrupted happiness. Visions, that the prismatic glass of Hope tinged with colors too brilliant to be lasting, and that the most flattering prospects whispered might be realised, had, like too many bright creations of our own, long faded—they had merged into the cheerless reality of a life of cares and pains. A splendidly furnished dwelling and numerous attendants were exchanged for a humble house in a private street, where unknown, and but little visited by former friends, they lived in almost complete retirement; and though a sigh for some of the elegancies and conveniences their former situation could have commanded, would sometimes intrude, they were blessed in an abundant measure with contentment, that sweetener of the most severe privations. But at his counting house Mr. W—— was a different man—in consequence of inability to attend business at all seasons, and during all weathers, his affairs by degrees went behindhand—sales were made at prices below cost, letters remained unanswered, speculations failed, and those for whom he had endorsed became insolvent: but he was a general favorite—his upright dealings secured him extensive credit, and he was greeted on the exchange with a cordial shake of the hand in times when most would have been met with averted eyes. But friendly countenance, favor

and credit, could not turn the arrow of misfortune from its course, or dissipate the lowering clouds of calamity which had seemed to thicken with long suspension around him; and when at twilight he seated himself beside his humble hearth, and heard for the first time the thrilling word *papa*, from the laughing lips of his cherub Mary, the plaything of his homespent hours, he folded her in a transport of silent extacy to his bosom, and wept aloud the gratitude of his heart; he forgot for a moment that that morning had brought tidings that his last remaining hope, an East Indian vessel richly laden with the most precious merchandise of Asia, already within the capes of Delaware, had been blown out to sea again and supposed in a violent storm that ensued, to be certainly lost—and his note to an extensive amount had for the first time been protested. He pressed with his fevered lips one long and burning kiss of redoubled affection on the clear bright brow of his darling baby, as its mother untwined its dimpled arms from his neck, and held it in an attitude of the most perfect infantile grace to receive his evening benediction before soothing it to its slumbers. He felt, as the little hand shook its good night, and the soft voice again echoed “*papa*,” that the constant prayer of his heart had been heard and answered; he possessed a child whose ear was open to human sounds, whose tones of music had just shot a ray of gladness into his heart that for years had been a stranger to it; and his classic mind felt with Byron that she was indeed a

“Fountain of hopes and doubts and fears!
Sweet promise of extatic years!
How could I faintly bend the knee,
And turn idolater to thee!”

But starting from this delightful dream he “turned with sickening soul” to the reverse of the picture, and regarded this bright creature—this

“Pilgrim of many cares untold,
Lamb of the world’s extended fold”—

as one that was soon to be cast, a burden or a blessing, entirely upon the affection and support of a most tender mother; he felt she would ere long be fatherless, and he sighed as he thought her little heart would feel no regret at losing him—the bud would expand into a blossom of loveliness and be transplanted into another soil, and bear with it no recollection of the stem that fostered it—after years could bring her no memories of the father who had watched and wept over her infancy! Her mother, were she in mercy spared, might teach her to love and revere the name of the parent who had departed; her unfortunate brother and sister might by signs endeavor to tell her how he loved her, and that would be *all* by which she should know him!

That night Henry W— laid his throbbing head upon his pillow—that was to be its resting place for many a long and weary hour! Poor fellow—as the morning sun gleamed into his chamber through an opening in the bowed shutters in one long, narrow line, he had but just sunk into a restless sleep. The clothing, drenched in perspiration, was flung half off, leaving his breast and shoulders bare; his lips looked dry and parched, while the yellow hue of deeply seated fever was fixed upon his calm face. Disasters and difficulties seemed to work in one day and night, what in the ordinary course of events would only have been effected by years—the alarming symptoms of consumption so long threatening him, in-

creased with fearful rapidity: medical aid was called in, and though many things were done to alleviate his present sufferings, the physician saw plainly that health was irrecoverably gone: his existence might not terminate for months, but he could extend no prospect of hope for his being better, excepting at those intervals of ease with which this flattering complaint deludes its victims. It was at this hour of trial that both husband and wife felt the efficacy of that only support—religion—whose precepts they had loved and its dictates they had followed. For the first time the awful truth presented itself to them both—they must *part*! Long and fervently did Mrs. W— supplicate for assistance to submit to this thunderbolt with resignation! But she felt that a hand Divine was dealing with them and knew that—

By love directed and in mercy meant,
Are trials suffered and afflictions sent.

The calm serenity of Henry’s face assured her that all with him was peace. His composure was sufficient to allow him to give directions concerning his commercial affairs—he selected a merchant of well known probity and honor to close his accounts, which was done with the promptness and rapidity which ever characterised the actions of that memorable man. His property was found enough to satisfy the creditors, leaving a residue of but a few hundred dollars to supply the wants of sickness, and the demands of a helpless family. With a discretion that cannot be too highly commended, he was never informed of how small a portion remained, but rested under the impression that they were better provided for. His disease increased daily, and after three months of the most intense suffering his body was worn almost to the shadow of his former self. Spring came in her beauty once more upon the earth, and the departing sun shed its tints of glory through the chamber where poor W— was smiling, and caressing with apparently renovated spirits his prattling girl, as a messenger entered with intelligence that the East India ship supposed to be lost, had been driven to the European coast, enriched her cargo and returned to this city. No word escaped his lips, but a smile of the fondest affection stole over his face, and a gleam of joy brightened his dark eye—he pressed his child closer to his bosom, kissed her cheek with a convulsive effort, and breathed the name of his wife. * * * Twilight had gradually departed, and “the living lights of heaven” had begun to shed their sidereal brilliancy alike over revellers and mourners, as Mrs. W— sat musing on the events of the preceding month. That day had been to her one of much mental as well as bodily exertion: the last debts of her husband had been paid, for she discovered that several in the first settlement of his affairs had withdrawn their claims, and too high minded to avail herself of even this delicately conveyed assistance, she appropriated the profits of the India speculation to the discharge of his last borrowed cent. She possessed too much energy of mind to sink into inaction, and plainly saw that her own powers must be exerted in some way for the support of her little family. Her needle was plied with increasing industry and her drawing resumed, and when she appeared at some of our fashionable fancy stores to dispose of her tasteful sketches, though she met with many familiar faces, her heart rejoiced to find that through her unpretending and coarse dress, no one recognised her. In this dull routine she continued for many

months, unwilling to make her wants the theme of conversation, but finding her expenses increase rather than diminish, she sought a humbler abode and meaner occupations. Here the little Mary, already her intelligent companion and constant solace, was attacked with that scourge of the poor, the small-pox, and after nights of anxious watching by the couch of this idolised creature, and when some hopes were at length entertained of her recovery, she involuntarily shrunk with horror from the fixed, idiotic gaze that the young creature rivited upon her. But maternal love knew no suspension, and the gentle hand of affection reared most tenderly this blighted blossom—the others were happily removed from the malignant influence of so terrible a disease, and enjoy the advantages of that blessed institution whose efforts to enlighten the shaded eyes of thousands of the unfortunate can never be too highly appreciated. In the midst of her grief a barbarous landlord, clamorous for the payment of his rent, issued an execution on her goods and nearly all was lost—she retired to a shed in an obscure court in one of the lower sections of our city, where for years a crust has formed the only meal that rewarded her, after a day of laborious exertion. Laura has lately returned to her mother's roof, but increasing ill health renders her rather a burden than assistance, and Edward is toiling among the hills in the interior of Pennsylvania.

FOR THE ARIEL.

BELLS.

A writer in one of the Daily papers proposes that the bells of Christ Church should be chimed on the occasion of the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Washington.

The usual means resorted to by the populace, to signify a rejoicing spirit, is to make as much noise as possible, and the clangor of trumpets, shouting and huzzaing, the roar of artillery, and the ringing of bells, is endured by the orderly as the legitimate and proper concomitants of public festivity. Bell ringing, however, has at all times engaged attention, and to arrive at perfection in striking the changes on a peal of eight bells, has been thought worthy the ambition of men of parts, and at times has enlisted both judges and divines. In this country, the pastime has not many votaries, or it would seem that from the length of time the Christ Church bells have been in use, a much greater number of changes might be accomplished than our *Youths* (all bell ringers are called youths) have yet arrived at. One hundred and twenty changes appear to be the most with which the Christ Church peal has gratified the ears of the city. At this rate a peal of *Grandsire triples*, which comprises 5040 changes, it would be presumptuous to hope for. We are too republican for *Bobs Royal*, *Cinquets* and *Bobs maximus* are in the highest degree autocratical.

Our sister cities it seems are even behind us in tintinabulary accomplishments. There is a peal of eight bells in Charleston and another in New York, but from all accounts they have not essayed beyond what is called chiming, which consists in throwing the clapper from side to side without inverting the bell.

In Baltimore on a late occasion of public rejoicing it was ordered that a *merry peal* should be rung by all the bells in the city. This order was construed by the ringer to each especial bell, to mean, to bang away, might and

main, and physical strength and the power of endurance were thought to constitute the chief merit. That no candidate for praise in the art of making a noise should be neglected, one was appointed to clatter away upon an old pot, and a fury for "grating harsh discord" seemed to pervade the town.

It is not doing justice however to New York, to say that they merely chime their bells, they have so far improved as to ring tunes, which art is acquired by practising, on what may be considered a peal of octave bells, by means of cords attached to the clappers and drawn through a board which is perforated with eight holes. This by bell ringers is called the trick of this kind of music, and bears the same estimation with the *clite* in this art, as musicians like Canderback and Paganini hold with their violin players.

To speak seriously however, the rule that whatever is worth doing is worth doing well, applies to bell ringing as well as to any other thing, and if it were to happen that one of the greyed haired *youths* of Bromley (a record of whose feats are duly given in one of the English periodicals,) should arrive in our town, he would be much scandalized to hear so meagre a tale from his beloved instrument as is repeated on Tuesday and Friday evenings by our Christ Church peal. For the edification therefore of our tintinabulists, and to prevent so great a mortification as the witnessing a hypercritical turn up of the nose from some wandering Youth of Bromley, some of the advice of an enthusiast in these matters may be profitable. He says—

"First the youth doth try one *single bell* to sound;
For, to perfection who can hope to rise,
Or climb the steeps of science, but the man
Who builds on steady principles alone
And method regular. Not he who aims
To plunge at once into the midst of Art,
Self confident and vain:—Amazed he stands,
Confounded and perplexed, to find he knows
"Least, when he thinks himself the most expert."

He thus marks their progressive improvement,

"In order due to *Rounds* they next proceed,
And each attunes numerical in turn.
Adepts in this, on *Three Bells* they essay
Their infant skill. Complete in this, they try
Their strength on *Four*, and, musically bold,
Full four and twenty changes they repeat.
Next, as in practice gradual they advance,
Ascending unto *Five* they ring a peal
Of *Grandsires*,—pleasing to a tuneful soul;
On they proceed to *Six*. What various peals,
Join'd with plain *Bobs*, loud echo through the air,
While every ear drinks in th' harmonic sound,
With *Grandsire triples* then the steeple shakes, &c."

It is to be inferred that in this as in every other study the human mind attempts, perfection is only to be arrived at by diligent practice, and regular gradation from the rudiments of the art to its climax.—*Grandsire triples* on eight bells, and a *Box maximus* on ten. The vanity of Aspirants here receives a check, and the old adage "a little learning is a dangerous thing," is happily enforced. Patience then, my dear *Youths of Christ Church*, and let me adjure you to be diligent, for who knows that with a due exercise of these virtues you may not arrive at the enjoyment of that peculiar niche in fame's temple which is appropriate alone to those who achieve a glorious *peal of Grandsire triples!!!*

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS and CASTLE DANGEROUS—*last series of Tales of my Landlord*.—Philadelphia, Carey & Lea.

There is a melancholy interest connected with the perusal of these volumes, apart from the incident and execution of the stories which compose the series. To part with those from whose society we have always received gratification—to bid a last farewell to the face which has ever delighted our eyes, is under all circumstances, and on the most unimportant occasions, calculated to excite feelings of sadness, and to overwhelm the heart with serious reflections. But to think that the mighty wizard of the North, who has so long entranced all hearts—who played with the tenderest and direst passions with such powerful effect—and at whose command were poured forth alike the sympathetic tear or the obstreperous burst of laughter—to think—to know that he is about to dissolve forever the tie which binds him to the reading world, and relinquish the magic pen, so long wielded for the amusement and instruction of his fellows, is sufficient to impart a powerful interest to works of far less merit than the volumes before us. This interest is perhaps heightened by the consideration forced upon us in the course of perusal, that the gifted author has not retired from the arena which he so highly graced, without a consciousness that he was no longer the strongest, though still “the best wrestler on the green.” Has he not felt that his highest talents has been long since put forth, and that if not exhausted, he has at least arrived at the point, when he cannot expect to surpass his previous efforts, and when the powerful competition against him in the field which he was the first to explore, has taught him that something beyond his now dimmed brilliancy is requisite to ensure him his wonted share of public attention. The works before us, though equal to a comparison with those of *any other* in the same walk, will not bear the competition with those thrown before the world by Sir Walter in the freshness of his fancy and the morning of his strength. Still are they powerful—still are they replete with interest, both in themselves and as connected with the probability almost certainty, that they are the last offering we shall receive from one who more than any other novelist has delighted and instructed the world.

THE SMUGGLER, by the Author of *Tales of the O'Hara Family, The Denouement, &c.* New York, J. & J. Harper.

There is great comfort in laying your hands on a fresh publication from the Harpers. Be the contents what they may, on one thing you may always reckon—neat, compact printing, upon very handsome, genteel paper. And then their bookbinder understands *his* business—the book comes out of his hands fit for use; no hunting up of paper-cutter, penknife, or as a last resource a pair of scissors, to carve your way into the mysteries of the volume. For our own parts, although we can almost apprehend the anticipatory delights of the drawing of a cork or the carving of a turkey, or even the cracking of a walnut, we never could conceive a higher relish for the kernel of a book, by the trouble inflicted of cracking the shell. Let this stand as a mild hint to all publishers *in futuro*. Now for the work in question. It is of the

Paul Clifford class of novels—full of the incidents and character of the humble and uneducated walks of life—with striking and vivid pictures of the manners and vices of the coast inhabitants of England: of those whom hard and unequal laws on some points have made in a measure contempters of all laws, reckless of all institutions, save those tacitly agreed upon by themselves, for their own conventional government. As such it lays claim to a large share of novelty, and opens to the student of the human heart, pages possessing a deep and abiding interest. The author has obtained no little degree of popularity: and there is no risk in averring that this work will add to that he has already acquired.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

THE CHOLERA MORBUS.

On hearing it said that this disease only attacked the poor.

It comes! it comes! from England's trembling tongue,
One low and universal murmur stealthily;—
By dawn of day, each journal is o'erhung
With staring eyes, to read what it revealeth,
And all aghast ejaculate one word—
THE CHOLERA—no other sound is heard!

Had Death, upon his ghastly horse reveal'd,
From his throat-rattling trumpet a summons sounded,
Not more appallingly its blast had peal'd
Upon the nation's ear,—awe-struck, astounded,
Men strive in vain their secret fears to smother,
And gaze in blank dismay on one another.

Now are all cares absorb'd in that of health;
Hush'd is the song, the dance, the voice of gladness,
While thousands, in the selfishness of wealth,
With looks of confidence, but hearts of sadness,
Dream they can purchase safety for their lives
By nostrums, drugs, and quack preventatives.

The wretch who might have died in squalid want,
Unseen, unmourn'd by our hard-hearted blindness,
Wringing from fear what pity would not grant,
Becomes the sudden object of our kindness,
Now that his betters he may implicate,
And spread infection to the rich and great.

Yet still will wealth presumptuously cry
“What, though the hand of death be thus outstretched,
It will not reach the lordly and the high,
But only strike the lowly and the wretched;
Tush!—what have we to quail at? Let us fold
Our arms, and trust to luxury and to gold.”

They do belie thee, honest Pestilence!
Thou'rt brave, magnanimous—not mean and dastard;
Thou'lt not assert thy dread omnipotence
In mastering those already overmaster'd
By want and woe,—trampling the trampled crowd,
To spare the unsparing and preserve the proud.

Usurpers of the people's rights! prepare
For death by quick atonement. Stony-hearted
Oppressors of the poor!—In time beware!
When the destroying angel's shaft is darted,
'Twill smite the star on titled bosoms set,
The mitre pierce, transfix the coronet.

Take moral physic, Pomp! not drugs and oil,
And learn, to broad philanthropy a stranger,
That every son of poverty and toil,
With whom thou sharest now an equal danger,
Should as a brother share, in happier hours,
The blessings which our common Father showers.

O thou reforming Cholera! thou'rt sent
Not as a scourge alone, but as a teacher,
That they who shall survive to mark the event
Of thy dread summons, thou death-dealing preacher!
By piety and love of kind may best
Requite the love that snatched them from the Pest!

BIOGRAPHICAL.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS ABRANTES.

These volumes comprise the two first parts of the Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes, and extend as far as the Consulate. They are an earnest of what is to follow, and the work, when complete, will, if we may judge from the portion of it that has already appeared, contain a rich fund of that light, though, perhaps, not less interesting information relative to the private lives of Napoleon and his contemporaries, which it is beneath the dignity of a regular history to record.

No person is better qualified than the accomplished writer of these memoirs, for the task she has undertaken. Allied by blood to the family of Bonaparte, she was in early life accustomed to meet Napoleon at her father's house almost on the footing of a brother. After her marriage with Junot she became one of the leading stars, first in the Consular circles, afterwards at the Imperial Court, without any interruption to that familiarity with which the Emperor had been accustomed to treat her when he was only a sub-lieutenant of artillery. The confidential situation held by her husband, together with her own free access to the Imperial presence, gave her the opportunity of an occasional peep behind the scenes, and a glimpse now and then of the hand which set in motion the springs of a policy which, had it been more patriotic and less selfish, would in the end have established the permanent greatness of the French empire.

ANECDOTE OF THE EARLY LIFE OF BONAPARTE.

The following anecdote I had from Napoleon himself; he related it to me to give me an example of moderation!

He was one day accused by one of his sisters of eating a large basket of grapes, figs, and sweet citrons, which came from the garden of his *Uncle the Canon*. Now, it is necessary to have lived in the Bonaparte family to know the enormity of eating fruit belonging to the *Uncle the Canon*; it was much more criminal than eating the grapes and figs of any other person. Being interrogated, Napoleon denied the fact, and was whipped. He was told to beg pardon, and that if he did so willingly he should be forgiven. It was useless to protest his innocence, he was not believed, but castigated without mercy. * * * The result of his obstinacy was, that for three days, he was kept upon bread and cheese. He did not weep; but was sad, although not sulky. On the fourth day a little girl, a friend of Marianne Bonaparte, returned from her father's vineyard, and having learned what had passed, stated that it was she and Marianne who had devoured the grapes and figs. It was now Marianne's turn to be punished. Napoleon was asked why he did not accuse his sister; he replied that he was not certain of her guilt, and that although he had reason to think her so, he would say nothing out of consideration for her young friend who had taken no part in the false accusation against him. This is very remarkable, as he was then only seven years old.

THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF BONAPARTE.

In the different portraits I have drawn of the Bonaparte family, I have not mentioned either Louis, Jerome, or Caroline. The two last were very young at the period I am now speaking of. Louis Bonaparte was not ill-looking at the age of eighteen; but his early infirmities soon brought on a premature appearance of old age, which made him look morose, and rendered him unhappy. When young and in good health, he was like the Queen of Naples. It was the same form of face, and the same expression as when

the countenance of the Queen of Naples was in repose; but, when a smile or a look animated the features of the latter, all resemblance disappeared. Louis is good; his pursuits are simple and mild. The Emperor, with his hobby-horse of making kings of all his brothers, did not find one of them disposed to co-operate with him. His sisters entered into his views, because they were devoured by ambition; but the brothers have always, on this point, displayed a firm and determined will. Louis, before his departure for Holland, said to his Imperial brother, "I will act according to my will. Either suffer me to do so, or allow me to remain here. I will not go to govern a country which is to know me only by misfortune."

The following does not confirm to its *full extent*, the violent love for his wife, of which so much is said in the "Memoirs of the Empress Josephine," lately noticed in this paper:—

Bonaparte was, at this period, as much in love with his wife as his nature allowed him to be, after his intelligence became absorbed in the immense work of the new existence he had created for himself. Doubtless he loved Josephine: but those who have asserted that she was the woman he loved the most, knew little of former years, and had not gone back to the past—where he might have been seen loving violently, and more than that, romantically; they never saw him redden, turn pale, tremble, and even weep. There was, at the old theatre of Feydeau, a box in the first row, much better informed than they on this point. His love for his wife was not of the same description. He loved her, beyond a doubt; but without magnifying her into one of those divinities who render imperceptible their defects, both moral and external. Besides, a substance entered into the composition of his amorous philter which tempered its action; I mean the pretended gratitude which, particularly at the period of his return from Italy, every one said that Bonaparte owed to his wife. Madame Bonaparte evinced a want of address in not silencing the authors of such a report, which she rather had the weakness to encourage by her eternal confidential communications to a whole host of flatterers and *intriguants*, who never bore the pressure of the secret more than an hour. I know that Bonaparte was informed of the *sanction* which his wife gave to the ridiculous report raised and propagated by his enemies. It may readily be imagined how much his pride was wounded at finding himself the object of a disdainful look, accompanied with this remark—"It is the interest of his wife that supports him!" It was false—it was absurd; but it was so said; and they who knew Bonaparte, must be well aware of the strange effect it would have upon him.

* * * * Bonaparte was acquainted with the thoughtlessness of his wife; and recommended her, above all things never to talk politics—of which she understood nothing, and which could not fail to lead to conversations of a dangerous tendency for him. "Whatever you say," he often observed to her, "is supposed to proceed from me. Keep a strict silence, and my enemies, by whom you are surrounded, can then draw no foolish inferences from your words."

The Duchess of Abrantes generally represents Fouché as a monster of iniquity: but the following anecdote places him in a somewhat less unamiable light, and shows that he was not always deficient in gratitude.

In the month of September, 1800, Fouché was told several times that a young female, badly dressed, but very pretty, desired to see him, and would not, to obtain audience, refer to any name known, nor declare

who or what she was. Fouché, at that time too much occupied with important matters to turn his attention to a circumstance which held out only a promise of gallantry, took no notice of it. However, the young girl laid siege to his door, notwithstanding the gibes of the valets, always so ready to insult the unfortunate. At length the first valet de chambre took pity on her, and approaching her one day, said "Why do you not write to the citizen minister? you would perhaps obtain an audience; for that is what you want, is it not?" The young girl answered in the affirmative, but added with timidity, that her name not being known to the minister, the latter would refuse to see her. And on saying this, she wept. The valet de chambre looked and then thought. Did he think well? I know not; but this much I know, he suddenly formed a resolution. He looked at his watch, saw that it was scarcely eleven o'clock, and that his master had therefore not done breakfast. "Wait for me a few moments," said he: then looking at her more attentively, "Do you live far from hence?" inquired he. "Oh yes, very far indeed!" "The devil!" said the valet de chambre, as he looked at the old and tattered black gown worn by the poor girl: "it is impossible to introduce her in this trim." As he thus spoke to himself he lifted up his eyes to look at the young petitioner, and they encountered the most ravishing countenance. "Bah!" said he, "I am a great fool to be uneasy at her dress. Wait for me, child." "Citizen minister," said he to his master on entering the private room in which the latter was eating his breakfast, "there is a young girl, who for a month past has come here every day to speak to you; she weeps, and pretends that it is an affair of life and death. She appears much afflicted, shall I introduce her?" "Hum!" said Fouché, "it is some *intrigante*, one of those women who solicit the pardon of a brother or a cousin, and who have never either father or mother—how old is she?" "About eighteen, citizen minister." "That is it; and thou, honest fellow, hast undertaken to introduce her. But I am cased in armor. Come, bring in the nymph, and let her take care if she has not her licence." The valet de chambre introduced his *protegee*. On perceiving her, Fouché made an involuntary movement of surprise at the sight of her tattered garments, contrasted with the elegance of her deportment under such rags. With a look he dismissed the servant. "What do you require of me, my dear child?" said he. She threw herself on her knees before him, and joined her hands, "I come," said she, sobbing, "to beg a father's life." Fouché, at the demand of a man's life, drew back from the girl, as he would from a serpent. He had been taken by surprise! "And who is your father? What is his name?"—"Ah! you will kill him," said she, in a voice which trembled with terror at seeing Fouché's pale complexion assume a still more livid hue, and his white lips contract—"you will kill him!"—"Peace, fool! rise, and tell me your father's name, and how it is he is at Paris if he be in fear of his life." The young girl then related her history. Her father, the Marquis de Rosieres, after having been taken several times in La Vendée, had at length been taken bearing arms. He had escaped through a miracle of Providence; but always pursued, and almost tracked, he had reached Paris as the best place of concealment. His daughter was to have joined him, with her mother and a younger sister only twelve years old. "But," added she, "I lost my mother and my younger sister, and arrived here alone." "Did they then die so suddenly?" inquired Fouché. "They were killed by the blues," replied the young girl in a low tone, and looking upon the ground; for she feared

lest Fouché should consider it a crime in her to denounce that of the republican soldiers. "Where do you live?" said the minister, after a moment's silence? Mademoiselle de Rosieres seemed to hesitate.—"Well," said Fouché, stamping on the floor, "will you inform me where you live? If you do not tell me with a good grace, in two hours or less my men shall find you out." Incapable of resisting such an attack, Mademoiselle de Rosieres again fell upon her knees and held out her hands towards him. "Come, hold your tongue; let us have no acting, for I do not like it. Only tell me what your father intends to do. If I obtain his pardon, may I depend upon him?" At this question the young girl's countenance became so expressive, that there was no mistaking her meaning. "You are a silly child," said he, with a strong accent of discontent; "in asking if I can depend upon your father, it is in the name of the First Consul. Do not suppose that I asked you if he would become a police spy." Having written the address of Mademoiselle de Rosieres upon a card, he asked her why she had applied to him in preference to the First Consul. "My father ordered me to do so," replied she; "he told me that you would recollect him." The minister seemed immediately struck with a recollection which had before escaped him. However, he was still in doubt. "Tell your father to write this very day, and inform me whether he was not the King's Lieutenant prior to the revolution." The answer of Monsieur de Rosieres was in the affirmative. He had been the King's Lieutenant in Brittany and Burgundy, or rather in Franche-comte; and during this period he had been so fortunate as to be of some service to the young Abbe Fouché. There were walls escaladed, doors of a seminary broken open; in short, there were grievous offences which the King's Lieutenant, like the good Samaritan, covered with the cloak of charity. I know not how far Fouché had been obliged; but the very day after his daughter had seen the minister, Monsieur de Rosieres had first a safe-conduct, and shortly afterwards his full pardon, with a good appointment of town-major in Alsace. His daughter settled there with him in 1801; she afterwards married, and now inhabits the chateau of Reisberg, near Colmar.

OLD FASHIONS.—In the year 1633, about 200 years ago, the fashions raged so in the colony of Massachusetts, that the legislature was obliged to pass sumptuary laws—one clause of which was, that—

"and hereafter, no person whatever shall make any garment for women with sleeves more than an ell wide."

The bodies of persons, apparently dead of cholera, have been in some instances observed to move. Mr. Londe, President of the late Warsaw Commission, has expressed his belief that many have been buried alive in the complaint.

A man who had not money enough, and a man who had too much, laid a singular wager a few days ago in Paris. The poorer one bet the richer that he would set upon the parapet of the Pont-Aux Choux, from seven in the morning until five in the evening, for one month, and that he would make all kinds of grimaces the whole time. He has already been at his post a fortnight, but he is obliged to have a friend by his side to inform those that pass by that he is not making faces at them, but that he is doing it for a wager. Hour after hour this friend is occupied in giving the public this piece of information, and people as they pass say one to another.—"Never mind that fellow, he is not making faces at us." By this wager the *grimacier* will realise 20 francs a day.

THE HUMORIST.

From the New York Constellation.

KNOWING THE LAW.

The truth of Pope's famous line—"A little learning is a dangerous thing,"—is particularly observable in relation to a snattering of law and medicine. A little learning in either of these is apt to lead its possessor into much greater difficulties than entire ignorance. Such a person, imagining himself to be almost, if not quite a lawyer or a doctor, has none of that wholesome fear about meddling with things dangerous, by which a man, having no such absurd pretensions, is naturally actuated.

In illustration of the effect of understanding a little law, we will relate an anecdote. In one of the southern counties of this state, there is settled a considerable number of Scotch emigrants. They are from different clans, and having brought with them some of their ancient feuds, are apt to get into quarrels and disputes which frequently result in personal violence. With the knock down argument the matter would generally end, if left to take the natural course. But with the help of a legal adviser, and a little law information, seasonably diffused among them by professional gentlemen who are interested, those braw Scotchmen have become the most litigious people in the country. The Mc'Greggors, the Mc'Crackers, and the Mc'Flails have aye some suit for damage, or some case for trespass, standing on the docket.

One of the most litigious of those *Macs* and one who never lets a court pass without being engaged in some matter of legal dispute, was asked one day how it happened he was always in a lawsuit.

"Because," he replied, "I know the law."

"You know the law?"

"Ay mon, I ha' stoddied it."

"Indeed! I thought you were a farmer?"

"So I am—but I ken the law too. I can drive the pleugh in my ain field; and drive the law in the field o' my neighbor."

"But where did you become acquainted with the law?"

"I lairned it o' Squire Stirrump here," pointing to a lawyer who stood by.

"I did not know that you had been a student of his."

"I was na a stoddent, as they ca' stoddents wha gang through a rigular coorse o' the law, may be two or three years, or mair. But bein a unco bricht scholar, I lairned it wi' reading a single beuk."

"Eh! you were a bricht scholar indeed, to get a knowledge of the law so easily."

"Unco bricht."

"What book was it you studied?"

"I dinna mind the name unco; but the Squire here made me a present o' it."

"The Squire then first put you in a notion of studying?"

"Ay; I was jist speerin at him one day sic and sic queeries anent a particular case o' mine, and says he to me, 'Tak this beuk and lairn the law your ainsel.' Sae I read the beuk frae end to end. And noo thoct I, I'm na afeard o' the de'il himsel in a point o' law, gin he should come wi' a' his twistins and turnins at his finger ends."

"You must have made remarkable progress certainly. But what advantage have you gained by your knowledge of the law?"

"What advantage! Hout, mon, ye spak like as if ye were a seempleton. Ha! I na gained mony a lawsuit!"

"Very likely; but have you gained your cause in all cases?"

"I canna jist say I ha' in a' cases; besides I ha' spent an unco sicht o' time and money, attendin coort, feein lawyers, and a' that. I canna jist say I'm the ricker for my knowledge o' the law."

"Then you are obliged to fee lawyers notwithstanding your legal attainments?"

"Ay, in maist cases."

"Of what service then is your own knowledge to you?"

"My ain knowledge! why, mon, ye talk like a daft creetur. Canna ye understand that my ain knowledge helps me into the law?"

"To be sure I understand that very well; but I do not perceive that it helps you out again."

"Na, na—I fee a lawyer for that, as the Squire here, that made me a present o' the beuk, can very well testify. He's got mony a dollar frae my pocket for that very beuk, which, gin I had na lairnt the law, I should never ha' paid him."

"But I should call that rather a bad sort of knowledge, that gets a man into a scrape and does not get him out again."

"Troth, mon, and that may be too; but this is a ceevil country we live in, and gin ye canna be allowed to knock doon your neebor when ye're provoked, its an unco gratification to gang to law wi' him, a'though ye get naething in the end but labor and expense for your pains."

METAPHYSICS.

Specimen of a Collegiate Examination.

PROFESSOR.—What is a salt box?

STUDENT.—It is a box made to contain salt.

PROF.—How is it divided?

STUD.—Into a salt box, and a box of salt.

PROF.—Very well, show the distinction.

STUD.—A salt box may be where there is no salt, but salt is absolutely necessary to the existence of a box of salt.

PROF.—Are not salt boxes otherwise divided?

STUD.—Yes, by a partition.

PROF.—What is the use of this division?

STUD.—To separate the coarse salt from the fine.

PROF.—How? think a little.

STUD.—To separate the fine salt from the coarse.

PROF.—To be sure, to separate the fine from the coarse; but are not salt boxes otherwise distinguished?

STUD.—Yes, into possible, positive, and probable.

PROF.—Define these several kinds of salt boxes.

STUD.—A possible salt box is a salt box yet unsold, in the joiner's hands.

PROF.—Why so?

STUD.—Because it hath not yet become a salt box having never had any salt in it; and it may probably be applied to some other use.

PROF.—Very true; for a salt box which never had, hath not now, and perhaps never may have any salt in it, can only be termed a possible salt box. What is a probable salt box?

STUD.—It is a salt box in the hand of one going to a shop to buy salt, and who hath twopence in his pocket to pay the shopkeeper: and a positive salt box is one which hath actually and *bona fide* got salt in it.

PROF.—Very good; what other division of salt boxes do you recollect?

STUD.—They are divided into substantive and pendent. A substantive salt box is that which stands by itself on the table or dresser, and the pendent is that which hangs by a nail against the wall.

PROF.—What is the idea of a salt box?

STUD.—It is that image which the mind conceives of a salt box when no salt is present.

PROF.—What is the abstract idea of a salt box?

STUD.—It is the idea of a salt box abstracted from the idea of a box; or of salt, or of a salt box: or of a box of salt.

PROF.—Very right; by this means you acquire a most perfect knowledge of a salt box; but tell me, is the idea of a salt box a salt idea?

STUD.—Not unless the ideal box hath the idea of salt contained in it.

PROF.—True; and therefore an abstract idea cannot be either salt or fresh, round or square, long or short; and this shows the difference between a salt idea and an idea of salt.—Is an aptitude to hold salt an essential or an accidental property of a salt box?

STUD.—It is an essential; but if there should be a crack in the bottom of the box, the aptitude to spill salt would be termed an accidental property of that salt box.

PROF.—Very well, very well, indeed. What is the salt called with respect to the box?

STUD.—It is called its contents.

PROF.—And why so?

STUD.—Because the cook is content, *quoad hoc*, to find plenty of salt in the box.

PROF.—You are very right.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.—It is a very good thing to draw the line between liberty and licentiousness. The liberty of the press is as the very air we breathe—if we have it not, we die. But licentiousness—who can say a word in favor of licentiousness? no one. No one will vindicate the licentiousness of the press—why not? because licentiousness is the name by which every man designates more liberty than is quite agreeable to his own taste. Liberty of speech is precisely of the same nature, it is altogether a matter of opinion, depending on the fancy of every individual. To make a distinction between liberty and licentiousness is mere cant. When an Attorney General prosecutes for a libel, he speaks according to his cue when he bothers the jury about licentiousness—praising liberty and railing at licentiousness. When a man wishes to take a little liberty of arraigning public men at the tribunal of public opinion, he always wishes to make it out that he is not indulging in a licentious use of the press, but merely exercising that liberty without which public abuses would never be corrected, and would go on to still greater and greater abominations. The real and proper state of the question is—is it worth while to legislate on the subject at all, and may not the press be very safely left free as speech? Nay, in good truth, a printed lie does not do half the mischief that a spoken lie does. A spoken lie is an invisible contagion, it is a pestilence that walketh in darkness; but a printed lie is in a tangible and visible form; you may look it, examine it, sift it, refute it, extinguish it. There was a case in point the other day with respect to the Marquis of Bristol, who was accused of having drawn much of his wealth from the See of Derry. If the lie had been merely spoken, it would have circulated every where, and entered no where, and never have been contradicted; but when it was printed, it was a rat caught in a trap—it was caught and killed, and there was an end to it.—*London Atlas*.

The following anecdote is related in the Evangelical Magazine:—"An African Preacher, speaking from—'What is man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' mentioned among other things, that many lost their souls by being too charitable! Seeing the congregation astonished beyond measure at this saying, he very emphatically repeated it, and then proceeded to

explain his meaning. 'Many people, said he, attend meeting, hear the sermon, and when it is over, they proceed to divide it out among the congregation: this part was for that man, that part was for that woman; such denunciations were for such persons; these threats for you sinners—and so,' continued the shrewd African, 'they give away the whole sermon and keep none for them, selves.'

A tall, lively fellow, without any uncle, but after sundown a little given to lethargy, having been in love ever since he was "so high," resolved to go to the object of his adoration, and tell her so. This resolution 'tho' formed early in March, and in a very appropriate place, to wit, a sugar maple orchard, wasn't acted on till the sixth of December. At half past five of that day, (it was a cloudy day) the hour when village visiting at that season of the year commences, our hero, (not a hero of two wars) knocked at, and was admitted within the door of the house of Arabella Hawkins. Finding her at home, and alone withal, he stopp'd in the entry to thank his stars, and take courage. Thus renewed in the outer man, he soon gained the parlor, and succeeded in taking a seat on one side of the fire place, pretty much after the manner of people in general. The Nymph, though a little under the influence of indescribable sensations, drew up a cricket and seated herself opposite. An awful pause now ensued—which, according to the Irishman's notion of things, was only terminated by our hero's falling fast asleep. This was indeed a poser—but as it was not yet six o'clock, and as no fears were entertained of his continuing in this situation through the allotted period of courtship, the circumstance was overlooked. But alas, the hours came, and departed, and still all was silence around the fire-side of Miss Hawkins. But as day dawned, and while our "ladye fair" who had sat out the live long night looking like "patience on a monument, smiling at grief," was endeavoring to break away from a train of mortifying reflections, a clap of thunder came which so electrified our hero, that he sprang upon his feet, and in an agony of unimaginable confusion, imploringly exclaimed—"WHERE AM I?"—to all which Miss Arabella, overcome with the thought of returning consciousness on the part of her lover and "mistaking" his exclamation, for a tender enquiry after her person, very significantly replied, "HERE I AM."

SWARM OF CRABS.—In 1811 there was a very extraordinary production of black crabs in the eastern part of Jamaica. In June or July, the whole district of Mau-chioneal was covered with countless millions, swarming from the sea to the mountains. Of this I was an eye-witness. On ascending Oua Hill, from the vale of Plantain Garden River, the road appeared of a reddish color, as if strewed with brick-dust. It was owing to myriads of young black crabs, about the size of the nail of a man's finger, moving at a pretty quick pace direct for the mountains. I rode along the coast a distance of about fifteen miles, and found it nearly the same the whole way, only in some places they were more numerous, in others less so. Returning the following day, I found the road still covered with them, the same as the day before. How have they been produced, and where do they come from? were questions every body asked, and nobody could answer. It is well known that crabs deposit their eggs once a year, in May; but, except on this occasion, though living on the coast, I had never seen above a dozen young crabs together, and here were millions. No unusual number of old crabs had been observed in that season; and it is observable that they were moving from a rock-bound coast of inaccessible cliffs, the abode of sea birds, and exposed to the constant influence of the trade winds. No person, as far as I know, ever saw the like except on that occasion; and I have understood that, since 1811, black crabs have been abundant farther in the interior of the island than they were ever known before.

SELECT TALES.

THE VICTIM.

From the Diary of a Late London Physician.

Some years ago, myself and a fellow student went to Dawlish for the summer months. An accident, which I need not narrate, and which was followed by a severe attack of pleurisy, chained me a prisoner to my room for several weeks. My companion, whose name was St. Clare, was a young man of high spirits and lively temper; and though naturally kind and affectionate, escaped, as often as he could from the constraint of a sick room. In one of his walks, he chanced to encounter a young lady, whom he fell in love with, as the phrase is, at first sight, and whose beauty he dwelt upon with a warmth of enthusiasm, not a little tantalizing to one like myself, who could not even behold it. The lady, however, quitted Dawlish very suddenly, and left my friend in ignorance of every other particular concerning her than that her name was Smith, and her residence in London. So vague a direction he, however, resolved to follow up. We returned to town sooner than we otherwise should have done, in order that the lover might commence his inquiries. My friend was worthy of the romantic name that he bore. Melville St. Clare—a name that was the delight of all his boarding school cousins, and the jest of all his acquaintance in the school.

He was the sole son of Thomas St. Clare of Clare Hall, in the county of —, No. —, in Hanover Square, and Banker, No. —, Lombard street. An eccentric man did the world count him. "Very odd," remarked the heads of houses for wholesale brides, "that the old man should insist upon his son studying medicine and surgery, when every one knows he will inherit at least ten thousand a year." "Nothing to do with it," was the argument of the father; "who can tell what is to happen to funded, or even landed property, in England? The empire of disease takes in the world; and in all its quarters, medical knowledge may be easily made the key to competency and wealth."

While quietly discussing in my own mind the various relative merits between two modes of operation for political aneurism, at my lodgings in town, some three weeks after our return from the country of hills and rain, (some ungallantly add of thick ancles also,) my studies were broken in upon by a messenger, who demanded my immediate compliance with the terms of a note he held in his hand. It ran thus:—

"Let me pray you to set off instantly with the bearer in my carriage to your distressed friend—

M. ST. CLARE."

On reaching the house, the blinds were down and the shutters closed; while the knocker muffled, bespoke a note of ominous preparation.

"How are you?" I inquired, somewhat relieved by seeing my friend up; and though looking wan, bearing no marks of severe illness. "I hope nothing has happened?"

"Yes, the deadliest arrow in Fortune's quiver has been shot—and found its mark. At three, this morning, my father's valet called me up, to say that his master was in convulsions. Suspecting it to be a return of apoplexy, I despatched him for Abercrombie, and on reaching his room, I found my fears verified. Abercrombie arrived; he opened the temporal artery, and sense returned, when my unfortunate parent insisted on informing me what arrangements he had made in my favor respecting the property; and on my suggesting that his books might previously require to be looked over, he interrupted me by saying it was

useless. 'You are the son of a ruined man,' I started. 'Yes, such have I been for the last twenty years! I have secured to you a *thousand pounds*, to finish your education—and that is all that calamity, has left it in my power to bestow.' For some moments I was led to doubt his sanity.

"What then, can be contained within these two massive chests so carefully secured?"

"Old parchment copies of my mortgages. Your fortune has only changed in aspect; before you were in existence, the author of your being was a *beggar*! My credit alone has supported me. I have with difficulty been able to invest in the funds for your wants the paltry sum I mentioned. May you prosper better than your father, and the brightness of your day make up for the darkness of his closing scene. God's blessings—"

"His head sunk on the pillow, and falling into a comatose state he slept for four or five hours, when his transition from time to eternity was as gentle as it was unnoticed. For my part, I merely remain here till the last offices are performed. All his affairs will be committed to his solicitors, when the fortune and residence which I looked forward to enjoying as my own must be left to others."

"Courage my dear fellow," said I, "there is no space too great to admit of the sun's rays enlivening it—neither is that heart in existence which hope may not inhabit."

The funeral was over, the mansions of his father relinquished, and St. Clare himself duly forgotten by his *friends*. The profession, which he before looked on as optional in its pursuits, was now to become the means of his existence; and in order to pursue it with greater comfort to ourselves, we took spacious rooms, which enabled us to live together, in — street, in the neighborhood of our hospital. One morning, it so happened that I had something to detain me at home, and St. Clare proceeded by himself to his studies. From the brilliant complexion and handsome countenance of a former day, his appearance had degenerated into the pale and consumptive look of one about to follow the friend for whom his "sable livery of woe was worn."

"Give me joy, Dudley! Joy, I say, for life is bright once more!" exclaimed St. Clare, returning late in the evening, while his face was beaming with gladness.

"I rejoice to hear it," said I. "What has happened?" I inquired.

St. Clare explained. He had met his unforgotten mistress of Dawlish; she had introduced him to her father, with whom she was walking, and whom he recognised as a Mr. Smith, an eccentric and wealthy acquaintance of his deceased parents. Mr. Smith invited him to dinner the next day. To cut short my story, St. Clare soon received permission to pay his addresses to the lady he had so long secretly loved; and Mr. Smith who had been originally in trade, and was at once saving and generous, promised £16,000 to the young couple, on condition that St. Clare should follow up his profession. The marriage was to be concluded immediately after St. Clare had passed the College of Surgeons, which he expected to do in six months.

"Dudley, I have an engagement to-day, and shall not be at home till the evening," said St. Clare, returning from the hospital one morning: "but as we must dissect the arteries of the neck somewhat more minutely before we go up for examination, I wish you would get a subject. I am told you can have one within two days by applying to this man," giving me the card of an exhumator in the borough.

"Very well," I returned, setting off.

"Which will you have, Sir?" asked the trafficker in human clay, whose lineaments bespoke the total absence of every human feeling from his heart; "a lady or a jemmen?"

"Whichever you can procure with least trouble," I replied. "How soon can you bring it to my lodgings?"

"The day after to-morrow, sir."

"Good! What is your price?"

"Why, sir, the market's very high just now, as there's a terrible rout about these things; so I must have twelve guineas."

"Well, then, at eleven the evening after to-morrow, I shall expect you."

The night passed, no St. Clare appeared; the next, still he came not—and eleven on the following evening found him yet absent. Surrounded with books, bones, skulls, and other requisites for surgical study, midnight surprised me, when a gentle tap at the door put my reveries to flight.

"Two men in the street, sir, wish to see you there."

"Very well," said I; and recollecting the appointment, I descended, and found the exhumator and another.

"We called you down, sir, to get the woman out of the way; because you know these things don't do to gossip about. Shall we take it up-stairs for you sir?"

"Yes, and I will follow behind. Make as little noise as possible."

"No, no, sir, trust us for that—we're pretty well used to this sort of work. Jem, give the signal."

The party addressed, stepping into the street, gave a low whistle on his fingers, and something advanced with a dull, rustling noise, which proved to be a wheelbarrow containing a sack. They had filled the gutter with straw, and over this driven the barrow. In an instant two of them seized the sack, and without making any more disturbance than if they had been simply walking up stairs, they carried it into my apartment, and the vehicle it was brought in was rapidly wheeled off.

It is usual for students to carry on their dissections solely in the theatre to which they belong, but as there are many annoyances from the low and coarse set too often mixed up in these places, St. Clare and myself had determined to choose a lodging where we could pursue this necessary but revolting part of the profession in private. Within my bed-room was a dressing closet, which, as it was well lighted, we devoted to this purpose. Having carried in their burden and laid it down, they returned to the sitting room, through which was the only communication with the other.

"Couldnt get ye a jemmen, sir; so we brought ye a lady this time," said the man.

"Very well. I hope the subject is a recent one, because I may not be able to make use of the body for a day or two."

"As to the time she has been buried, sir, that's none to speak of;" while a grin of dark expression gathered round his mouth; and though ignorant of its meaning it made me recoil, from the air of additional horror it flung over features already so revolting in expression. I went into the closet to take a glance at the subject, fearing they might attempt to deceive me. They had laid it on the table, and a linen cloth swathed round was the only covering. I drew aside the corner which concealed the face, and started, for never till that instant had I seen aught that came so near to my lost ideal picture of female loveliness; even though the last touches had been painted by the hand of Death. As the light of the candle fell on the shrouded figure

before me, it composed the very scene that Rembrandt would have loved to paint, and you, my reader, to have looked on. Her hair was loose and motionless, while its whole length, which had strayed over her neck and shoulders, nestled in a bosom white as snow, whose pure, warm tides were now at rest forever! One thing struck me as singular—her rich, dark tresses still held within them a thin, slight comb. An oath of impatience from the men I had left in the next room drew me from my survey.

"Where did you get the subject, my men?" I inquired, as I put the money into the man's hand.

"Oh, we hadnt it from a town church-yard, sir. It came up from the country, didnt it, Jem?"

"Yes," replied the man addressed, and both moved quickly to depart, while I returned to gaze on the beauteous object I had left, and which afforded me a pleasure, so mixed up with all that was horrid, that I sincerely hope it will never fall to my lot to have a second experience of the same feeling.

To me she was as nothing, less than nothing; and though, from long habit, I had almost brought myself to meet with indifference the objects which are found on the dissecting table, I could not gaze on one so young, so very fair, without feeling the springs of pity dissolve within me: and tears, fast and many, fell on those lips I refrained not from kissing, notwithstanding Mortality had set its seal upon them; as yet—

"Before Decay's effacing fingers

Had swept the lines where beauty lingers."

Her eyes were closed beneath the long lashes. I lifted one lid; the orb beneath was large and blue—but "soul was wanting there." So great was the impression her beauty made upon me, that, stepping into the next room, I took my materials, and made a drawing of the placid and unconscious form so hushed and still. I look upon it at this moment, and fancy recalls the deep and unaccountable emotions that shook me as I made it. It must have been an instinctive—

But to proceed, I saw but one figure in my sleep—the lovely, but unburied dead. I awoke—what could it be that felt so moist and cold against my face?—where was I?—what light was glimmering through the windows?—it was the break of day. Worn with fatigue, I had fallen asleep over my drawing, while the candle had burnt out in the socket, and my head was resting on the inanimate breast, which had been deprived too soon of existence to know the pure joy of pillowing a fellow heart it loved. I arose, and retired to a sleepless couch. In the evening, while over my modicum of coffee, in came St. Clare. He appeared haggard and wild, whilst every now and then his eye would gaze on vacancy, and closing, seem to shut out some unpleasant thought, that haunted him in ideal reality.

"Well, St. Clare, what has detained you?"

"Death!" said he, solemnly. "The sole remaining relative to whom Nature has given any claim to my affections, is no more. A sudden despatch called me down to soothe the expiring hours of my mother's sister, and not a soul is left me now on earth to love, save Emily and my friend. I feel most unaccountably oppressed—a dread sense of all pervades me; but let me hope that ill is past."

"Well, think of it no more," I replied, and changed the conversation. "I have procured a subject—female, beautiful and young; but I feel more inclined to let it rest and rot amidst its fellow-clods of clay, than bare so fair a bosom to the knife. It is well that the living hold a pre-occupancy of my heart, or such a beauteous form of death—"

"This note has just been left for you, Sir, from Mr.

Smith, who requests an immediate answer," said my servant entering. I read aloud its contents:—

"Though unknown to you, save by name and the mention of another, I call upon you, as the friend of one who was my friend, to assist me in unravelling this horrid mystery. On Tuesday, at two, my dearest Emily went out, with the intention of returning at four. Since that hour, I have been unable to obtain the slightest information respecting her. I have called in your absence for St. Clare twice; he was unexpectedly out. Surely I have mistaken *him*? He cannot have filled up the measure of mankind's deceit, and abused the trust reposed in him! Let me pray you, for the love of Heaven! to give me the least clue you are possessed of that may lead to her discovery.

"I know not what I have written, but you can understand its meaning Yours, &c. JOHN SMITH."

Starting from his seat with the air of a maniac, St. Clare abstractedly gazed on empty air, as if to wait conviction. Too soon it came, and seizing a light, he dashed towards the closet where he knew the body was to be. For the first time a dark suspicion flashed upon me, and taking the other candle I followed. The face had been again covered, and St. Clare, setting the light upon the table, stood transfixed,—just as we feel the pressure of some night-mare dream,—without the power of drawing his eyes away, or by dashing aside the veil, to end this suspense of agony, in the certainty of despair.

Every muscle of his body shook, while his pale lips could only mutter—"it must be so! it must be so!" and his finger pointing to the shrouded corpse, silently bade me to disclose the truth: mute, motionless horror pervaded me throughout; when, springing from his trance, he tore away the linen from the features it concealed. One glance sufficed;—true, the last twenty-four hours had robbed them of much that was lovely, but they were cast in a mould of such sweet expression that, *once seen, was to be remembered forever.*

With indescribable ~~wildness~~ *wildness* he flung himself upon the body, and embracing the ~~pallid clay~~ *pallid clay*, seemed vainly trying to kiss it back to life. I watched his countenance till it became so pale, there was only one shade of difference between the two. In an instant, from the strained glare of his fixed glance, his eyes relaxed, and a lifeless inanimate expression of nonentity succeeded their former tension, while with his hand still retaining the hair of the deceased in his grasp, he sunk upon the ground.

Assistance was called, and from a state of insensibility, he passed into one of depression.

All our efforts to disentangle the locks he had so warmly loved from his fingers were in vain; the locks were, therefore, cut off from the head. Through all the anguish of his soul he never spoke; the last words to which his lips gave utterance were these—"It must be so, it must be so." For hours he would stare at one object, and his look was to me so full of horror and reproach, I could not meet it. Suddenly he would turn to the hair, and fastening his lips upon it, murmur some inarticulate sounds, and weep with all the bitterness of infantine sorrow.

The reader will remember it so chanced, that I never was introduced to the heroine of my tale; but all doubt was now removed as to the identity of the subject for the dissection with the unfortunate Emily Smith. How she came by her death was a mystery that nothing seemed likely to unravel.

Not the slightest marks of violence could be found about her person; the arms were certainly in an unnatural position, being bent with the palms upward, as if to support a weight, and seemed to have been somewhat pressed, but this might be accounted for by the

packing of the body. All beside wore the appearance of quiescent death.

She was opened and not the slightest trace of poison presented itself. Immediate search had been made for the men; they had absconded, and all apparent means of inquiry seemed hushed with the victim of science in its grave.

Some years passed—St. Clare was dead—the father of the unfortunate Emily was no more. Fortune had thriven with me, and being independent of practice, I had settled in the West end of London, and married the object of my choice. I was soon occupied with the employments of my profession, and amongst the rest, that of surgeon to the—dispensary.

Seven years after my first commencement, I had to attend a poor man who was attacked with inflammation of the brain. The violence of the disease had been subdued, but some strange wanderings of delirium still haunted him. In a paroxysm of this sort he one day exclaimed to me, as I was feeling his pulse, "Cut it off! Cut it off! it says so; off with it!" Paying no attention to this, I replaced his arm within the coverlid, but dashing it out, he seized mine and demanded, "Does it not say if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off?" "Yes, my man, but yours is a useful member; take my advice and keep it on."

"I will not; it has offended me, ay, damned me to eternity. It is a murderous right hand!" But I will not drag the reader through the incoherent ravings of guilty delirium; it suffices to say, that after some considerable pains I elicited the following story from him.

"It's just ten years to-morrow (that's Tuesday) since I was discharged from four months imprisonment in the House of Correction. I was then just twenty. In the same place I met a gang of resurrection men, and they said what a jolly life they led, plenty of money, and all that, when one of 'em told the rest he knew a better way to get the rhino quickly than what they did, and if so be as they wouldn't split, he'd tell 'em. Well, after making me take an oath (I trembles now to think of it) that I wouldn't tell, they let me into it. This was to kidnap all the greenhorns, that didn't know their way about town, and carry them to a house the gang had in—alley, near Blackfriars, where they were to be suffocated, and sold to you doctors for cutting up. Well, it took a long time to bring my mind to such a thing, but they persuaded me we were *all destined to go to heaven or hell*, before we were born, and that *our actions had nothing to do with it*. So I agreed, when the time came round, to enter the gang.

"On the day we were *let loose*, there were four of us loitering near the coach stand in—street. A gentleman was walking up and down before an inn, looking at his watch every now and then, and casting his eyes round to see if a coach was coming, which he seemed to expect. Presently he met some one who knowed 'um, and I saw him take a letter and read it, and then say to the other 'I can't come this instant, because I expect a friend in half an hour, and must wait for her; but stay, I can write a note, and put her off,' when he stepped inside the inn, and came out in ten minutes, with a note in his hand. One of us had been servant in a cutting-up house in the Borough, and knowed him afore; stepping up, he asked if he could carry the note for him? The other was in a hurry, and said 'yes,' giving him half a crown to take it into the Borough, then got into the coach and drove off. Instead of going with it, he had learnt to read, and breaking the note open, found some lady was coming to meet the gentleman by half-past two. "I tell ye what, my boys," says he, 'here's a fish come to our net

without looking for it, so we'll have her first.' Shortly after, up comes a coach with a lady in it; meanwhile one of our gang had got another coach belonging to us *for the purpose*, which was in waiting; so the villain tells her that the gentleman had been obliged to go some where else, but he was an old servant, and if she would get into his coach, he would drive her to the house where the gemman was waiting to receive her. She, never suspecting, got in, and was driven off to the *slaughter house*, as we called it. She entered by a back yard, and frightened by the dark, dirty way, and lone-looking rooms, and not seeing him she expected, she attempted to run off, but that was of no use, and taking her to a room for the purpose, in the middle of the house, where no one could hear her screaming, she was locked up for the night. Well, I was uncommon struck with her beautiful looks, and begged very hard to let her go, they said it would not do, ~~because~~ as how they would all be found out. *So die she must, the next order they had for a corpse.* That very night came an order, and they swore that I should have the killing of her, for being spooney enough to beg her life. I swore I would not do it; but they said if I didn't they would send me instead, and, frightening at their threats, I agreed.

"In the room where she slept was a bed, with a sliding top to let down and smother the person who was lying beneath, while the chain which let it down was fastened in the room above. They had given her a small lamp in order to look at her through a hole, that they might see what she was about. After locking the door inside, (for they left the key there to keep 'em easy, while it was bolted on the out,) and looking to see there was no one in the room, nor any other door, she knelt by the bed-side, said her prayers, and then laid down in her clothes. This was at ten—they watched her till twelve; she was sleeping soundly, but crying too, they said, when they took me up into the room above, and with a drawn knife at my throat, insisted on my letting go the chain which was to smother her beneath—I did it! Oh, I did it!—hark!" starting up, "don't you hear that rustling of the clothes! a stifled cry! no, all is quiet! She is done for—take her and sell her!" and from that he fell into his old raving manner once more.

The next day he was again lucid, and pulling from his bosom an old purse, he said, "I managed to get these things without her knowledge." It contained a ring with a locket engraven "E. S." and the silver plate of a dog's collar with the name of "Emily" on it; "that," he remarked, "came from a little spaniel which we sold."

I had made a finished miniature from the rough drawing taken on the first evening of my seeing Emily Smith. This had been set in the lid of a snuff-box, and anxious to see if he would recognise it, I brought it in my pocket. After looking an instant at the contents of the purse, I silently placed the snuff-box in his hand. His mind but barely took time to comprehend and know the face; when flinging it from him with a loud cry, his spirit took its flight to final judgment.

A FRIEND IN NEED.—Some days ago a singular circumstance took place in the parish of Allness, county of Ross, which proves that friendship is often but a thing of degree, and, that mortal love is not always stable as the hills. In a house no great distance from the parish church a respectable young couple were to be united in marriage. The friends met, and so did the minister, when the ceremony commenced and went so far that the Rev. gentleman came to that part of it which renders it his duty to request the parties

to "join hands." To this, however, the young lady would not consent. An uproar, of course, took place among the friends, the astonished bridegroom swooned away in the arms of a neighbor, while the bride, at this critical moment, shape or shade, whatever she was vanished "from the presence." By the aid of cordials, the bridegroom was soon restored to a kind of doubtful existence; and a spanking young sister or the "faithless fair," taking pity on the forlorn lover, boldly stepped forward, and taking Donald by the hand, offered to supply the vacancy occasioned by the singular conduct of her sister. The generous offer was gladly accepted, and Mess John had the satisfaction of joining them together, both seemingly very happy at the change in the "aspect of affairs" which had just taken place. "A friend in need, is undoubtedly a friend indeed!"

DANGER OF BEAUTY.—In the first attempt made by Mary Queen of Scots to escape from her imprisonment in Lochleven Castle she disguised herself as a laundress, with whom she had changed clothes, and when seated in the boat and putting off from the shore, she was discovered by lifting her hand to her head. The extreme beauty of her hand, with its whiteness, discovered her at once, and she was carried back to her chamber in bitterness and tears.

Let your dress be as cheap as may be without *shabbiness*; think more about the color of your shirt than about the gloss or texture of your coat; be always as *clean* as your occupation will, without inconvenience, permit; but never, no, not for one moment, believe, that any human being, with sense in skull, will love or respect you on account of your fine or costly clothes. A great misfortune of the present day is, that every one is, in his own estimate, *raised above his real state of life*; every one seems to think himself entitled, if not to title and great estate, at least to *live without work*.

The French Count Rochfaucault, after complaining in severe language, of his hard fortune, in being swindled out of the gleanings of his property in London, observed. "Well, after all, the sharper had scripture authority for his conduct—I was a stranger, and he took me in."

No young person has any idea that he shall ever become the miserable slave of ardent spirits. Little does the beardless boy, who indulges himself in frequent bumpers, suppose that he shall ever be a drunkard—little does the young gentleman, who delights in a *spree*, think that he shall ever become a drunkard—little does the man of forty who only takes his *regular* grog and his morning bitters imagine that he can possibly become a drunkard—and could reason and judgment always be master of our appetites, no one would ever become so—but the appetite insensibly steals upon the judgment, and before we are aware of our situation, we are its unwilling slaves. When we most want fortitude to resist the cup, our nerves are tremulous, our mind is weak, an uneasy sensation of the stomach drives us to despair—we seek relief in the very poison which we know has caused the uneasiness, and which we are sensible will increase the disorder—and in the end destroy us.

Married at Baltimore Mr. Thomas J. Halfpenny, to Miss Matilda N. Alden. There are plenty of envious persons who will be ready enough to call this affair "*Small change*." Let them have their fun out. We, who look upon matters matrimonial more considerably, think it a *great change*; and, as the bridegroom has made the addition of a "*better half*" to his possessions, there can be little doubt that the estate is *doubled*, which every body will acknowledge a *fair* way to "turn a penny."—*Camden Jour.*

The persons alluded to are four hundred miles from the offending wight of an editor; and we dare say that, at such a distance, Mr. and Mrs. *Half-penny* smile, to think themselves "*two far-things*" for Daniels' puns.

VARIETIES.

O NO, I NEVER MENTION IT.

O no, I never mention it,
 I never said a word;
 But lent my friend a five pound note,
 Of which—I've never heard!
 He said he merely borrowed it
 To pay another debt—
 And since I've never mentioned it,
 He thinks that I forget!

Where'er we ride, I pays the 'pike,
 I settles every treat:
 He rides my cob—he drives my cab—
 He cuts me when we meet!
 My new umbrrell' I lent him too,
 One night 'twas very wet;
 Though he forgets it ne'er came back,
 Ah me, I don't forget!

To Sally Sims, my own true love,
 Few visits I can pay:
 But think how kind my friend behaves,
 He calls on her each day!
 By him I've sent rich pearls and rings,
 With fruit and flowers a lot:
 The fruit and flowers came safe to hand,
 The rest my friend forgot!

Sometimes I treats Miss to the play,
 But, what I can't abide,
 Is when I just sits down by her,
 My friend's at 'tother side!
 Such whispering, and such quizzing, too,
 They keeps, to make me fret;—
 I know 'tis all a "make believe,"
 But still—I can't forget.

"A friend in need's a friend indeed,"
 This I have found quite true;
 For mine is such a *needy friend*
 He sticks to me like glue!
 We're like, they say—for oft have I
 Been taken for his debts:
 He makes so free with me and mine,
 Himself he quite—*forgets!*—COMIC ANNUAL.

MULTIPLYING A SHIRT.—The following is not bad. Washing would be cheap at 4s 6d per dozen, if one's laundress possesses the magic power so much desired by poor Bayes:

As Bayes, whose cup with poverty was dashed,
 Lay snug in bed while his *one* shirt was washed;
 The dame appeared and holding it to view,
 Said, 'If 'tis wash'd again, 'twill wash in two.'
 'Indeed!' cried Bayes, 'then wash it pray good cousin,
 And wash it if you can into a *dozen!*'

The following statement respecting the Cholera appears in the Frankfort Journal of the 15th of November, communicated by M. Dalmas, a French physician, lately in the service of the Polish army—"The Poles were encamped partly in a large forest behind the Rawka, partly in front of the same river in a small woods. This woods as well as the forest, being very damp, a considerable number of sick daily proceeded thence. But strange to say, all those who came out of the forest had the cholera, whilst those who came from the small wood only suffered by fevers. When I heard of this fact, I went to the spots, examined the sick, and convinced myself of the reality of what had been related to me. It then remained for me to examine the cause. Two woods equally damp, one small, the other large, the latter producing the cholera, the former intermitting fevers. I soon learnt that the Russians had made a stay in that forest, whilst none of them penetrated into the small wood. Almost everywhere along the right bank of the Vistula, from Plock to Thorn, the cholera was connected, on its first appearing, with the operations of the Russian army. It

followed as it were the regularity of its strategic movements. How this propagation is effected is not known. But it appears that it does not proceed from one individual to another, but from one large body to another, from a regiment to a whole population. It is a general inoculation."

The present winter has been remarkable, not only for its severity, but for the number of destructive fires and distressing shipwrecks. We do not open a paper, in which there is not to be found some new instance of conflagration, or case of disaster by sea. Many a man who thought himself independent of the world and in a fair road to competency, will have to mourn over the smoking ruins of his property—many a widow and orphan will look in vain for the return of a husband or father, whose destiny has been cut short by the inscrutable decrees of Providence. The sea gives no trace of its victims—no monument can be erected over the remains of those it has engulfed, nor can the spots be designated where many a gallant bark has foundered, encircling in its destruction the noble mariners who so lately directed its movements, in apparent obedience to their will. Altogether, the season will be long remembered, and years hence, when any unusual occurrence shall take place, out of the ordinary course of events, reference will be made to the severe winter of 1831—'32.

A gentleman hearing of the death of another—"I thought," said he to a person in company, "you told me that Tom Wilson's fever had gone off?" "O yes," replied the latter, "I did so, but I forgot to mention, that he was gone off along with it."

NEWSPAPERS.—To conduct a leading newspaper well, is not so easy a matter as many idlers imagine. Every body who spins out of a morning a long rigmorale speech—or who strings a few rhymes together—or any M. C. who bores the nation and puts Congress to sleep—imagines that to write editorials for newspapers is like Dogberry's reading and writing—"it comes by nature." To make a good Editor, requires the essence of thirty members of Congress, twenty fourth of July orators, and about a dozen modern poets, to say nothing of the thousand flowers caught from the "living manners as they rise." An Editor must always be with the people—think with them—and then he need fear nothing, he will always be right—always strong—always popular—always free. The world has been humbugged long enough by spouters and talkers, and conventioners, and legislators—*et id genus omne*—this is the editorial age—and the most intellectual of all past ages.

A certain lodging house was very much infested by vermin. A gentleman who slept there one night told the landlady so in the morning, when she said, 'La, sir, we hav'nt a single bug in the house.' 'No, ma'am,' said he "they're all married and have large families too."

A GOOD ONE.—A person who lately died in this place, and was known to be worth 20 or 30,000 dollars, had some years ago, deposited in the York Bank, a sheet iron box, which from its weight and size, was supposed to contain gold. The friends of the deceased, upon looking for a will which it was supposed he had left, could find none at the house, and despatched a couple of gentlemen to the Bank, supposing it might be in the aforesaid box. The cashier produced the box with some ceremony, remarking that he was responsible for it, and would not give it up but to persons clothed with proper authority, but as those who came had the key he would suffer them to look for the will. It was opened, and first appeared some old deeds on the top, afterwards a few newspapers, and finally sundry brick bats, nicely rolled in paper, occupied the remaining space. Not a copper was found. The cashier felt it to be a bore, and the visitors were convulsed with laughter. "Well," said the former, "I have been taking special care of this box for three years past, and now its all brick bats!"

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 18.

THE CHOLERA AND DEATH.—No wonder that all the periodical journals from a Quarterly Review down to weekly and daily papers which reach us from Europe, are full of the horrors of the Indian Cholera. Its spread is awful, for in the short space of fourteen years it has desolated the fairest portions of the globe, and swept off at least *fifty millions* of human beings. So says the last number of the London Quarterly Review, in an article replete with information, which is by no means calculated to carry consolation to the good people of England, who were by the last accounts in a state of horrid excitement on the subject of its recent appearance in Sunderland. The cholera, says the writer, has mastered every variety of climate, surmounted every natural barrier, conquered every people, and adds, that it has not, like the simoom, blasted life, and then passed away; the cholera, like the small-pox or plague, takes root in the soil which it has once possessed. The symptoms of the disease are truly appalling. In one man, says the "Madras Report," the prostration of strength was so great that he could hardly move a limb, though he had been but fifteen minutes before in perfect health and actively employed in his business of a gardener. As an instance, says another, a Lascar in the service of an officer was seized in the act of packing up his rice, previous to going to cut grass, and being unable to call for assistance, he was observed by another person at a distance from him, picking up small stones and pitching them towards him, for the purpose of attracting notice. This man died in an hour. Great debility, extinction of the circulation, and sudden cooling of the body are said to be three striking symptoms of the cholera, together with intense thirst, cold blue clammy skin, suffused filmy half-closed eyes, cramps of the limbs, &c. and impaired intellect. All or any of these separately are bad enough. Dr. Kennedy, in his account of it in India, says that those who enjoy the happiness to have escaped personal knowledge of the calamity of a residence in "the city of the plague," can with difficulty form an idea of the state of its inhabitants; the first feeling of dismay, the reflux of levity, the agitation and bustle at the commencement, and the immediately following unconcern to all that is going on; the mild workings of charity—the cautious guarded intercourse with others, maintained by selfishness—the active energies, in short, of the good, and the heartless indifference of the bad, are all presented in their several extremes. Among the European portion of the society, he continues, the precautionary arrangements were at times almost ludicrous. One had notes ready written, addressed to every medical officer within reach, announcing his being attacked; and these, placed on his desk, were to be forwarded by his servants the instant he should fancy that he felt the symptoms. Another would have a cauldron of water bubbling and boiling day and night, that he might insure the advantage of a ready recourse to the warm bath, whilst all furnished themselves with medicines, and not a few kept a quantity of poison about their persons labelled "cholera dose."

The foregoing extracts mark a high degree of excitement at which the imagination sickens. It has been sta-

ted in the London papers, that those medicines most resorted to in cholera, such as camphor, &c. had advanced in price to more than double. Nonintercourse by military cordons, has not always proved effectual—change of the climate from warm to cold or from cold to warm, appears not to have the slightest effect—its ravages are unceasing, attacking the most robust as well as the weakly infant, though it has been generally remarked that individuals of uncleanly or intemperate habits were least likely to recover. Facts seem clearly to encourage the belief that this disease has been propagated by contagion. It has been remarked that it did not always attack the places nearest to an infected town, but sometimes ravaged from one town to another, passing over the intermediate points. Sometimes it makes a circle, and after attacking a number of villages in a district, returned to those which had hoped to escape the scourge. Contagion will readily account for these facts. The persons who quit an infected district, travel in one direction rather than another, or proceed to a distant village. But this is a subject on which the best educated and most observing physicians disagree. We consider it fortunate for us in America that the disease has appeared in England before it arrived on our shores. We shall have all the benefit of their practical observation and experience, and we may hope that the high state of improvements in British medical practice may do something to ameliorate the symptoms; nay, we may have some hope that it will never reach us. Fear is perhaps the worst preparation and many who do not dread its effects may escape it if it does arrive. But if it should really come, and take root here, we will not venture to anticipate the horror and dismay it will occasion. The panic of the yellow fever might be grappled with, because cold weather is always a check to its ravages, but in cholera there is no such hope. We shall lay before our readers from time to time such information on this engrossing topic as we deem important—its spread in England seems more than probable, and we believe the question must soon be agitated here of a total nonintercourse with all parts of the infected world!

PROGRESS OF GLASS.—The gradual introduction of glass for many purposes of domestic utility shows what perseverance will do for a manufacture. When first it was used for door knobs, people laughed out right—when bureau handles were introduced they only smiled. When elegant lamps made their appearance of cut glass, people looked bright—the master of a family could tell whether he was cheated in the quality of his oil, which fully counterbalanced the trouble his wife had in washing out the grease spots caused by fractures. It is now talked of to supplant marble mantles with glass ones, and we have seen with our eyes marble mantles inlaid with looking glasses—a very pretty conceit—a man can see whether his own and his neighbor's shins are warm by looking at the fireplace. Glass is also introduced for knobs for window blinds, door plates, &c. and soon will be no doubt for cellar doors, some of the last pattern having a good portion of the article already inserted. But the very last invention is to have brackets of glass for parlor recesses, and colored glass looking-glass frames. Our readers must not be surprised if we send them a looking-glass newspaper—it will be very popular, as every body likes to see themselves in print.

The Elephant at the menagerie in Fifth street is the most interesting part of the show, notwithstanding others of the species have been so frequently exhibited throughout the country. The quantity of food required for the daily consumption of a full-grown elephant is enormous. The elephant of Louis XIV. had daily eighty pounds of bread, twelve pints of wine, and a large quantity of vegetable soup, with bread and rice; this was exclusive of grass, and what he got from visitors. Desmarest states, that the domesticated elephant requires daily about two hundred pounds of aliment of all sorts. It is recorded by one of the Roman historians, that the elephants which were taken from the Carthaginians, by Metellus, were so expensive to keep, that they were put to death in the Circus. The elephant, if not well-fed, and with regularity, soon becomes a miserable object. Bishop Heber witnessed the wretched condition of an old elephant that had been cheated of his proper allowance. "Adjoining the pool we saw a crowd of people assembled round a fallen elephant; apprehending that it was one of our own, I urged my horse to the spot. On asking, however, whose it was, a bystander said it belonged to 'the asylum of the world,' and had fallen down from weakness, which was not surprising, since, instead of an allowance of twenty-five rupees a month, necessary for the keep of an elephant, I was told that these poor creatures, all but those in the immediate stable of his majesty, had, for some time back, owing to the dilapidated state of the finances, and the roguery of the commissariat, received only five. They had now given the wretched animal a cordial, and were endeavoring to raise it on its legs, but in vain. It groaned pitifully, but lay quite helpless, and was, in fact, a mountain of skin and bone." This happened in the Nawab Vizier's country, where elephants, not many years ago, were maintained in great numbers, from those resources which only Asiatic despotism could command. The cost of a stud of elephants, such as the Mogul princes kept up, must have been enormous. To each of the hundred and one elephants that were set apart for the emperor's own riding, the daily allowance of food was two hundred pounds in weight. Most of them, in addition, had ten pounds of sugar, besides rice, pepper, and milk. In the sugar-cane season, each elephant had daily three hundred canes. The elephants of English manageries are principally fed upon hay and carrots.

The Comet that is to come appears to be great cause of annoyance to the croaking paragraphists in the country Journals. Luckily, the danger to be apprehended from this source cannot be increased like that from the cholera,—by excessive alarm. All the evil arising from these sage prophecies, will be the frightening of a few wicked urchins out of their wits—and the delaying by some economists, of the period for suiting themselves with summer garments. On the occasion of a like prognostic, some hundred years since, in England, some very judicious instructions were given to the firemen of London, with the view of saving that city from the general conflagration, which wound up with pointed admonitions "to keep a good lookout for the Bank of England." Doubtless the New York firemen will be able to save that city, except from a gentle scorching which then will have become necessary to purify it of the Cholera; and if those of our city cannot do the like for us here, we shall lose all faith in the utility of the Fair Mount Water Works. One writer, taking the German astronomers as his guide, feels almost sure that this is the means by which the

"earth and things therein" is to be burned up. It is altogether likely that this prophet had not seen the calculations of the French astronomers on the same subject, which upset the German predictions of a great revolution in the earth, and show that no derangement need be apprehended. On this horrifying subject we have some few grains of comfort by the way of Bermuda. A writer in the Royal Gazette at that place is at some pains to show that the appointed time of our earth is not yet up by nearly twelve hundred years. He very judiciously postpones this catastrophe until after the Millennium, which is to commence in the year 2000. When this shall have endured 1000 years, we shall of course all be ready for the finishing stroke. So then, we rest secure, until "the world grows honest."

Monday evening last brought a gay and fashionable audience to the Arch St. Theatre, to witness the performance of *Sertorius*, the very popular tragedy from the pen of D. P. Brown, Esq. The approbation bestowed upon this production, not only by his fellow citizens, but in other parts of the Union, must be every way gratifying to the author. In the Charleston Courier, a few days since, occasion was taken on the credit of this and similar works, to elevate Philadelphia to a high rank among the competitors for dramatic fame. Cheering to the author as must be the applause at home, the pleasure must be enhanced by finding the opinion of his townsmen corroborated by disinterested judges at a distance. The piece went off with the high approbation of a numerous and brilliant assemblage, in which the ladies largely predominated. It is said there has not been so charming an array of the fair, at any previous entertainment this season.

The London papers state the intention of Newton, the American artist, and of Washington Irving, to revisit their native country. Both these gentlemen have been gathering golden opinions in the other hemisphere, and it were to be wished that the latter had done so without a suspicion of relaxation in national feeling. He has a literary fame of which any people might be proud, and stands his ground firmly beside the first historians of the age; yet there is much question whether he holds as high a place in the hearts of his countrymen as Cooper. We trust that Mr. Irving does not altogether despise a home popularity; for although that mushroom species attending upon political commotions be worthless and loathsome, it is a worthy object of any one's ambition, to reign in the affection of a whole nation.—Poor Jones, too, the author of *Haverhill*, and many minor productions of considerable popularity in England, is about to return home. Disappointment and neglect, acting upon a mind of uncommon susceptibility, had brought him to the verge of suicide, from which he was only rescued by the interposition of the London police. He declared his intention of taking a steerage passage for America.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ASPENDIUS shall appear in our next.

Q in a Corner must excuse our entering the lists for rival theatres. We can see malignity lurking in its strong holds, and believe it is so generally seen through that it has no effect except on the silly, whom we never took under our charge. People seldom improve when they have no other model to copy after but themselves.

PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY,

BY EDMUND MORRIS,

AT THE OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY BULLETIN, NO. 353

CHESNUT STREET, UP STAIRS,

PHILADELPHIA.

Price \$1.50 yearly—payable in advance.

